By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Lord Byron, Scoundrel and Genius

46# WAS BC cused of every monstrous vice. My name was tainted. I felt that if what was whispered and muttered and rumored was true, I was unfit for

England. If false, LORD BYRON England was unfit for me. I with-

So wrote a first-class genius and tried to make people think. Yet bad enough in a cheap, sordid way to deserve decent men's contempt. He was tremendously vain. Not so vain decided to become a military hero. of his poetry, which was great, as of the petty, melodramatic feats that roused more laughter than applause.

Byron had been lame from birth. Part of the time his mother overwhelmed him with caresses and love words. At other times she would scream at him, curse him for "a lame brat" and hurl books at his head. It was a bitter childhood for the sensitive, afflicted youngster. He never forgot it. Nor did he forgive the mother who made him so miserable. He hated her to the day of his death. Byron began writing poetry while he was a mere schoolboy. It was an artificial, morbid era in English litera ture, and Byron was just the sort of writer to catch the public's fancy. He found that people were interested

ed his life and talked vaguely of fearful crimes he had committed. This attitude, combined with his good looks, made him the School Girl Maidens clamored for locks of his hair and wrote him wildly romantic letters. All this delighted Byron.

in gloomy, mysterious heroes. So,

both in life and in poems, he proceed-

ed to become mysterious and gloomy

They were wretchedly unhappy together and parted in less than a year. The true reason for their separation was not made public at the time though the fault was admittedly Byron's. He proceeded to write a touching "farewell" to his wife. It was a poem that sought to draw all public sympathy from Lady Byron and to make himself appear more or less a martyr. In spite of this rascally effort popular opinion was against Byron, and he left England in a huff,

never to return. He wandered around Switzerland, third-class scoundrel, Lord Byron, He Italy and Greece, leading a vile life was a very pitiable sort of blackguard and writing marvelous poetry. His at best. Not one-tenth as bad as he jaded brain was seeking new sensations of every sort. For instance, he swam the Hellespont, watched the cremation of the post Shelley and at last

> Greece was fighting for independence against her Turkish oppressors Byron hurried to Missolonghi and placed his sword and life at the service of the Greeks. It seemed to him a fine thing for a poet to draw blade in defense of the Ancient Land of Poetry. The idea struck Byron as a bit of genuine inspiration. He is even said to have had vague hopes of becoming king of Greece.

But he found that drilling, marching, collecting provisions and studying maps was not as poetic a pastime as he expected. It bored him. He preferred to loaf at Missolonghi, taking long swims, writing poetic verse and flirting with dark-eyed Greek girls. And thus he spent much of his time when he might have been fighting for independence.

He also had a new ambition, name ly to reduce his flesh. He tried to do He hinted at black secrets that cloudthis by drinking vinegar and taking long rides. The result was not what he had hoped. In fact he fell ill. "Don't grill me as you did poor

Shelley!" he begged his friends. There, after a brief sickness, he died, on April 19, 1824. Byron was

By this time he had plunged into the only thirty-six at the time of his death. grossest dissipation of London life. Gifted beyond ordinary mortals, he He halted for a brief time in his ca- had wilfully thrown away the respect reer of vice to marry a Miss Mil- of his friends and of the world at large.

Duke of Marlborough, Prince of Time Servers

HIS is the story of a man who started life without money or position, and who won vast measure of both. He won them because of his good looks, his utter lack of con-

banke



science and his MARLBOROUGH military genius. It would be hard to

most for him. John Churchill-"Handsome Jack." as he was nicknamed-came of an old. impoverished family. He was born in 1650, had almost no early education and became a page to the duke of York and admiration. Anne-stupid, weak, (afterward James II.). Charles II., the good natured-was the willing and duke of York's brother was king of England and ruled a dissolute court, where wit and beauty brought far higher rewards than did mere merit.

He soon worked his way into the duke of York's favor and received from him a commission in the army. As a soldier he showed both valor and martial skill. But it is doubtful if he would have risen as rapidly as he did were it not for the very shady means he employed for his own advancement. His good looks and his unscrupulous conduct brought him 300 towns, villages and castles in money and swift promotion. He strengthened his position by marrying Sarah Jennings, a woman much of his own sort, and even more ambi-

tious. James II, came to the throne in 1685, and his favorite courtier. baron. "Handsome Jack" owed everything to James. Yet, when the latter was attacked by William Prince of Orange, who claimed the English crown, Churchill quickly saw that William would be the victor, and decided to throw his fortunes with him, So. when James Churchill calmly went over to the enemy and took the army with him, James deserted, fied to France and the Prince of Orange be came king William III, of England.

William's reign was not wholly pop-James might possibly regain his lost self. He died in 1722 in his seventy crown. Churchill, in order to make third year.

certain of being on the winning side, served with William openly and kept up a secret correspondence with William learned of this and had Churchill thrown into prison. For a less lucky, less shifty man, this exposure to treason would have meant political ruin. But Churchill managed to secure his freedom and even to win back some of his besmirched

reputation. William died childless, and at his death the English crown went to house of representatives for the creasay which of these three qualities did James' youngest daughter, Anne. tion of a council of national officials Churchill had foreseen this, and had made his plans accordingly. He had managed to install his clever wife as Anne's chief lady-in-waiting and to win for himself the new queen's trust meek slave of the imperious Lady Churchill, obeying her every wish, heaping honors on her tricky hus-

band; ever enriching the couple. Churchill was made commander-inchief of England's forces in the continental war. Here he showed brilliant genius. He won battle after battle, campaign after campaign; amazing the world with his military skill. He also gained himself a name for numanity, during these wars, in spite of the fact that he burned more than

Germany alone. For years he and his wife practically ruled England, through the weak old queen. But for the duchess of Marlborough's bad temper they might perhaps have continued so until the end. But the duchess at last. Churchill, was made a general and a in 1711, lost her temper once too often with the patient Anne. She is even rumored to have slapped her majesty's face. There was a terrible scene and the Mariboroughs fell into disgrace. The duke was stripped of his offices and found it convenient to leave England.

Later, in George L's reign, he was partially restored to power. But his old greatness was gone. He was no longer fully trusted. Life turned bitter to him. His only son was dead Churchill gained new honors by this A stroke of apoplexy thickened his speech and made him feeble. "Handsome Jack" was an old, old man; ular. It looked at one time as if broken and a wreck of his former

Shakespeare Died at Fifty-three

Great Poet Passed Away at Age When is no doubt that it was just at the Most Men Are at Their Mental Best.

In the midst of recent tragedies one may pause to think what a tragedy was enacted on April 23, 1616, when Shakespeare died. The exact date of his birth is not known. Two chronicles of the eighteenth century gave it as April 23, 1564, and as the parish record shows he was haptized on April 16 of that year, he may have been born on the 23d. That has been accepted by many as the correct date. and the Shakespeare library founded at Birmingham, England, in 1864, as a torcentenary memorial was formally opened for public use on April 28, 1888, thus giving local sanction to that as his birth date. This library is the only one of its kind in the world devoted exclusively to the works of Shaksapeare and those of editors, commentators, authors and l'Don't you think that poet yersey translators, about him and his works.

But as to the date of his death there "That is because his measure balts."

beginning of his fifty-third year. Many men are in their prime at that age, but the world does not know whether Shakespeare was well preserved or was beginning to fail. There is rea son to believe that he had been sick for a few weeks or had some premonition of death, for he made his will on the 25th of March, 1e16, a month before his death, and the original copy shows some marks of hasty execution The body of the will and its codicile or additions bear three of his signatures, and they are almost the only ones known to be in existence. A single page of any one of his plays in his handwriting and with his signathre attached would now fotch at auction many times as much as the value of all the property disposed of

THIRD TARIFF HURTS

ELIMINATION OF THAT IS UP TO THE AMERICAN VOTER.

Admitting That in the Past the Tax. Honestly Applied, Was of Benefit, the Present System is One of Pure Robbery.

The Payne-Aldrich tariff is not merely a single system of imposts. It contains three systems in one.

There is a tariff for protection only. There is a tariff for revenue only. There is a tariff for robbery only. There three tarins are jumbled together in the Payne-Aldrich schedules. The task of statesmanship is to sep-

arate them. The Examiner believes that the tariff for protection and the tariff for revenue are both legitimate in principle. They are indeed both absolutely necesary to the prosperity of the

country. On the other hand, the tariff for robbery is, of course, wholly illegiti-mate. It should be utterly abolished. A protective tariff is a tariff to preserve home markets for home products-to the advantage of domestic lafor and capital. Obviously, if such a tariff is rightly levied it will tend to restrict the sale of foreign goods in

not yield much revenue at the custom A revenue tariff is a tariff levied to get money to run the government. It should be levied so as to bear mainly upon luxuries that are not produced in this country. Hence there cannot

the home markets. Therefore, it will

be much protection in it. Thus it is a plain fact of fiscal scince that a tariff system that intends to be both protective and revenue pro ducing is virtually two systems joined together. That is to say that the parts of such a tariff that are protection are not productive of revenue; and that the parts that are productive

of revenue are not protective. But the tariff system under which we are trying to live is not merely two tariffs; it is three.

Besides the tariff that is protective and the tariff that puts money into the public treasury, there is a third tariff that neither protects nor yields public revenue.

The tariff for robbery only is a tariff levied at a murderous high rate on the necessaries of life to enable home monopolists to charge extortionate prices.

It does not in the least tend to proect American labor. On the contrary, it enables a privileged class of manufacturers to extort high prices without paying high wages. It dries up the springs of national wealth by lowering the purchasing power of every honest man's income. It produces no public revenue, since it bars out foreign goods-keeps them from coming through the custom house. It is simply and wholly a crushing tax levied by private citizens upon the mass of the people.-Chicago Examiner.

Wise Naval Proposition.

The naval situation was thoughtfully handled in the Democratic platform. It says:

"We approve the measure reported by the Democratic leaders in the which will determine a definite naval program with a view to increased efficiency and economy."

An effort was made in the senate by Senator Overman of North Carolina, Democrat, to bring about a committee amendment calling for a national council of defense, similar to the one proposed in the platform, but his suggestion was defeated on a point of order. The Democratic recommendation appears sound. Why would it not be a wise thing for congress to approve two battleships for the present and then create the council of defense?

Level-Headed Man Wanted. Theodore Roosevelt wants the public to understand that refusal to follow his leadership will result in the country going to pieces. While every body is willing to concede that the former president is a man of ability, everybody is not ready to acquiesco in any foolish assertion that we are lacking in the men of mark who, when called upon by a crisis, would fail to meet every requirement. trouble with the colonel is his inability to cease posing as a great patriot. While the country must face many problems, there is no call for a Caesa or a Napoleon. A plain, level-headed American citizen is what is wanted at Washington during the next few years. And the Democratic party will supply that man.

Mr. Taft said at Winona that the woolen schedule as it stands is "in-defensible." He knows that the reason why it cannot be defended is because it is full of theft.

Country's Real Need. We need more federal regulation of trusts that are too powerful to be dealt with-by states. How far to go, how much power to give to the proposed commission, time must tell us. Trust law, like commerce law, had better be a matter of evolution and experience. The power to fix maximum prices will not be conferred now by any congress on any industrial commission. Such power may be conferred at some future time. Statesmen do not anticipate facts and opinion too

Good in Demogratic Platform The Baltimore platform is obviously right in its strictures on the robber tariff that has been maintained for a generation and more by the Republican party. It is right in its criticiism of President Taft for his stubborn and sonseless retoes of the reformed wool-on schedule, the farmers' free list and other reasonable and legitimate plans of tariff reduction berstofore propos by the Democratic House of Representatives—for the elimination of f cal largery.

ORCHARD COMES INTO FIGHT

Matter of Excessive Protection on Su-gar is Something Appealing to Every Housewife.

The reduction of the sugar tariff will meet with strong opposition from the beet sugar states. But that opposition can be lessened greatly if the champions of cheaper living will take the trouble to point out a fact hitherto overlooked.

By a queer coincidence, the states which figure most prominently in the production of beet sugar—California, Colorado, Michigan, etc.—are likewise the states with a large and growing fruit industry.

The tariff, which is a subsidy for the beet grower, is a direct tax on the fruit grower. It directly discourages the canning and preserving of

Not all the fruit of any district can be sold fresh. The market and crop both vary from year to year. The invariable tendency is to produce a surplus, and then, if possible, can or preserve that surplus for sale later. No housewife need be told that a

large amount of sugar is needed in preserving and even in canning fruits. Whatever raises the price of sugar raises the cost of fruit preserving and canning; thereby raising the cost to the consumer, and at the same time narrowing the market. The sugar tariff adds not less than

\$1.50 per hundred to the cost of sugar. Probably it adds the full amount of the tariff, about \$1.90; for cane sugar is used almost exclusively in the fruit industry. The weight which this lays on the fruit canning industry may be imagined.

If the "sugar states" are made to inderstand that subsidizing the sugar beet means taxing the orchard, they will not be so strenuous in defense of the sugar trust.-Chicago Journal.

Tariff Legislation Prospects. With conferees of senate and house agreed on the form of tariff bills to be

passed, nothing now stands in the way of most desirable and commendable action by congress. Of course, President Taft will veto

the measures. In spite of all his promises and pledges and all his protestations against "Indefensible" features of the Aldrich-Payne act, he will stand pat.

In spite, too, of the fact that the main features of the bills to be passed are in accord with the recommendations of Mr. Taft's personally conducted tariff board, the chief executive will obey the behests of the trusts and nullify the action of congress.

The majority in the lawmaking body will have done its duty. Next November, the nation will overturn the existing order of things at the head of the government and elect a president whose sentiments and action will be in harmony with popular demand.

Dolliver's Rap at Aldrich.

The late Senator Dolliver of Iowa, by clever retort and brilliant repartee, could hold an audience attentive and spellbound during the recital of the dryest statistics of a tariff discussion. He was one of the small band of insurgents who fought valiantly on the floor of the senate against the enactment of the Payne-Aldrich tariff act. The last speech he delivered in the senate before his death, in 1910, was a scathing arraignment of that bill. He spared no terms in his denunci-

peals of laughter from a hostile and sullen audience by declaring: "The past year witnessed two events

of unusual interest-the discovery of the north pole by Dr. Cook and revision of the tariff downward by the senator from Rhode Island. Each in its way was a unique hoax."

Concerning Arrows. Roosevelt says that William J. Bryan is fond of shooting arrows at

the sky. Well, that is better taste than to be' fond of shooting arrows at one's friends. Ask "Dear Maria," and the representatives of the practical Harriman and Elihu Root and William H Taft what they think about it.

Besides, criticism of this kind comes with a particularly bad grace from Mr.

Every arrow which ever brought down real popular applause for the rough rider was stolen from the quiver of William Jennings Bryan. When Mr. Roosevelt starts to be his own arrow maker, he achieves nothing more note worthy than the recall of judicial decisions and the good trust.

One Thing Made Certain. The futile tariff board has one good deed to its credit. Its dilatory but elaborate report has proved by figures that schedule K is thieving schedule.

and that the bill that Mr. Taft veloed was an honest bill. Now let the Democrats in the house go ahead with the elimination of the robber tariff. Let them make terms with the progressives of the senateany honorable terms that will help to put an end to tariff thievery.

When the Democrate Triumph. The St. Louis Globe-Democrat says the program of the Bull Moose party

"An unbounded personal ambition coupled with an arrogant will and heated temper, is its mainspring. It is not an enterprise calculated to travel far or to have peace in its own ranks. But the hasty will learn only by experience. Results will fit the foliy, as time will soon show."

And the time, as we undestand it, s the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November.

Democrats in the Driver's Seat. As far as the Democrats are contion of this family fight with complacency. Their withers are unwrung and they stand before the country with a candidate who is the choice of a united party and who grows stronger every day with people of every section and of every shade of politics with.

The governor of Indiana repre

Heirloom

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.) "Blessed be hobble skirts," Alison sjaculated, surveying her slim lithe-

flesh! If grandad hadn't weighed near three hundred, you'd never get a skirt out of his Sunday best black broadcloth trousers.

real loud in this village folk are sure to hear," Alison adjured turning to look at herself over her own shoul-"And the gossips would say sacrilege rather than thrift. I'm sure grandad himself would approvedead this ten years, what harm can than ever, but after a little agreed it do to have his left-over clothes meekly to do as her friend bade. The elp us round a hard corner?"

"None in the world," Rose assented merrily, adding with a touch of wistfulness: "It is so hard-our stock passing dividends, just at this special We could do so much with that five hundred we haven't got."

"And other people doing all sorts of things. This town is going to be real giddy," Alison answered, sighing at the end of a giggle. "Three weddings already announced—that means at least a dozen parties of sortsluncheons not counted." "And tableaux for the Missionary

ociety, and two germans if no more,"

Alison took up the chant with, "And three strange—very strange—young men a-coming to the weddings and likely to stay on awhile with their kin. Rosy-posy, I tell you, it's distinctly hard lines. A new party frock apiece is the most we dare hope for—and even they spell a month without butter. Praise be, you didn't make that new melton last fall—you would hardly have put it on, with Aunt Anne so ill. But whatever we would do if you hadn't thought of grandad, I surely don't know, Really, I believe, though it sounds like magic.

I'll get a swagger outfit from his suit." 'He wore it only once-poor dear," Rose sighed. "And he was always particular as to his clothing. I wish we dared spend a little for touches of color-though you can stand all



"Blessed Be Hobble Skirts."

black with your yellow hair and blue eyes, I hate to see you nun-like." "O! if I only dare!" Alison exclamed.

"Dare what?" Rose asked. Alison answered with a breathless giggle: "Sacrifice our best heirloom-but Aunt Anne will never agree-"

'You mean the waistcoat!" Roy cried, catching her breath. Allson nodded. Rose darted away -up the stairs, to the garret where the waistcoat which had come down from a beau of colonial times, lay, inen-wrapped, in lavender. In a wink she was back with it, unwrapping the swathings. They fell apart, re-vealing a fabric of degree. Brocade satin ground, once a royal scarlet powdered with rosebuds yellow, white and pink, had faded to soft delicate Indian red. Time had likewise improved the rose huesthey seemed to melt one into another. Alison gasped at the sight of the rich "It-it seems wickedeven to think of cutting it up," she "But O!-wouldn't it set off my black?"

"It shall set it off," Rose said stoutly. "Aunt Anne would never agree-her conscience wouldn't let her. Bu once the thing is done she'll be glad. I found her crying yesterday, over our bank account—she seems to feel it was her fault that things are as they

"Why! I do believe there's enough for a narrow panel besides revers and cuffe," Alison answered eagerly she had been measuring the waistcoat while her sister spoke.

It was very long, and had been built for a man over six feet. was neither frayed nor spotted and had still its full complement of carved rock-crystal buttons. No wonder Aunt Anne cherished it—it was all that had come down to her, in the division of ancestral treasures, from the distinguished of her great-

grandfathers. Fate ordered it that she came through the door from the living room just as Alison, seissors in hand, made to begin snipping the fine hand-set stitches. She had slipped a ki-mobo over the unfinished frock she had contrived—the short cost, which would be new and jaunty by and by, hung raw and limp over the back of a chair at her side. All about was the litter and disorder inevitable to close contriving. Rose stood gazing at her sister—both were too intent to

feels as though it would be spiritus

murder."

A hand fell upon Aunt Anne's shoulder—a soft hand, heavy with rings and only faintly wrinkled. It drew her back, leaving the door a little ajar. Very shortly the owner of it was saying, hushing Aunt Anne's sobs the while:

"To think you wouldn't come to me.

"To think you wouldn't come to me, your oldest friend. Anne dear, I'm ashamed of you—you know your girls ness in the long mirror.

Rose, her sister, laughed softly, as But your pride has had its reward, she returned: "Better say blessed be Not many girls under the conditions would forego as nobly as our Alison-Don't tell her and Rose we overheard —not yet, at least. It would hurt them to know we knew. But you are 'Don't you dare! If one breathes going to be sensible, and let me advance you those delayed dividends. Also, you are to remember, cabs are a wicked extravagance when one has friends with cars, and next to nobody to fill them."

At that Aunt Anne cried barder friend, Mrs. Norris Lane, a rich widow, childless, with two adored and adoring nephews, was unobtrusively, the great lady of Charlotte town.

Perhaps there was no direct se

quence of events-but people began to notice early in the season that Lane Norris and Howard Lane, the great lady's nephews, were mighty attentive to the Agnew girls. Rose and Alison felt as if they had found a fairy godmother-all at once. Aunt Anne had ceased worryingshe had only smiled mysteriously, and told them things were not so bad as they had threatened to be Then at Christmas she surprised each of them with a dainty new gown-to which Mrs. Lane had added all the other things gloves, fan, slippers, silk stockings, and cobweb kerchief. Alison was not able to say thank you, for the lump in her throat. Even Rose had to turn away her eyes. And that night, hand in hand, they told Aunt Anne of their plotting-and what had withheld them from carrying it out. She patted their bent heads, saying as tears dropped upon Alison's bright hair:

"It would have been murder dear children-murder of something in yourselves-reverence for family and traditions. I am glad indeed you made the blank frock - much better use the cloth than let let moths ruin it in the end. But the waistcoat means omething—it is a sort of patent of nobility. Only fine gentlemen wore such garments-

"I know!" Rose broke in. "And we came near showing we didn't de-serve to belong to him." Then the two ran away to make ready for a very late party. Aunt went, too. And as she came away she had the happiness of sealing with her approval a double betrothal.

REMAINS TRUE TO INSTINCT.

True It is That a Sheep May Becom a Wolf, but Never a Wolf Becomes Sheep.

One Sunday at the house of Anatole France, they were talking of the admirable romance he had just published. "The Gods are Thirsty." 'M. Paul Souday expressed in the warmest terms the enthusiasm with which this work had inspired him. Above all he vaunted the character of "Evariste Gamdin," whom a false revolutionary philanthropy had transformed from a

bleating sheep to a devouring wolf. A Russian lady, who was present said she knew of wolves that had become sheep. "The Prince Troubets koi," she said, "has two of them. He brought them from Russia. They had been tamed and he led them in a leash like greyhounds. You know that he is a vegetarian. He has imposed this diet upon his beasts. He

feeds them vegetables and salads." "In fact," then said Anatole France. I met him the other day with his wolves of which you speak, in the street. He had stopped before a fruit stand and he was plundering a basket of carrots to regale his beasts."

"That is an excellent example for regetarianism," said the lady. "Se duced by such an example. I acquired a wolf and fed him myself. But I feared that he would fade away. But as I did not intend to renounce my vegetarian ideas I continued to make him nibble fruits and roots in public while at home, secretly I gave him fresh mest. In this way I was able to keep him for some time. He died a while ago. I do not understand how Prince Troubetzkoi succeeds in keep ing his wolves. I suspect he employ ed the same method as myself."

In short," said Anatole France, "one often finds sheep that become wolves, but never wolves that become sheep. -Le Cri de Paris.

Discovery of Fire. When and in what manner fire was

discovered is unknown. The art of producing fire appears to have been one of the very earliest achievements of man. No people have ever been found without it. Its use may have been suggested to man by the lightning. or by the volcano, or by the accideatal spark produced by the use of the stone weapons or utensils, but at any rate its use was discovered so long ago that the memory of the race runneth not to the contrary. Of course, it goes without saying that the use of fire lies at the root of all human progres. The "iron age," which is pre-eminently the age of true civilisation, would have been impossible without fire.

If you desire to keep your children healthy and yet satisfy their natural craving for sweets, give them the sugar in its natural form. Candy is injurious, but honey, preserved figs and dates, raisins and maple syrup are just as much appreciated by the small folk as the manufactured sweets.

"I know Charley enjoyed being elegate at the convention," so young Mrs. Torkins.

"How?" "I heard him talking in his ale and away from her, saying in a such some of the language he used soked veloc: "Rose - take to back. ... a exactly the same as that which it - to employs at a baseball game."

WERE NOT AT ALL DIVERTING

e-Minded Quaker Saw Nothing to Smile at in the Lighter Posms of Whittier.

The late Gertrude Whittier Cartland, cousin of Whittier, the Quaker poet, presented an ideal picture of the saintly aged Quakeress. Her sweet, serene face, framed in its tight clear, spiritual radiance; to hear her recite, in a voice of tranquil music, the hymns and graver poems of her famous relative was always delight-

But she did not have her cousin's lively sense of humor; and it was hard to tell whether this lack lessened or increased the effect, when in exactly the same grave, even tones. she occasionally read aloud some of the verse that he wrote, not for publication, but for the pleasure of his ultimate circle. That was always light, frequently gay, sometimes fair-ly rollicking.

Her admiration for the writer made her try very hard to appreciate his fun; and she thought she did so; yet mirth seemed always as allen to her tongue as a red resette pinned upon her dove-gray shoulder-shawl would have been to her costume. This incongruity was felt, doubtless, by another Friend, of even more serious mind than she, who once said to her

reprovingly: perceive they are intended to be diverting; but they do not divert me, Gertrude, and I do not think they really divert thee. Be honest with thyself; if thee read them and did not know thy cousin Greenleaf wrote them, would thee not consider them extremely silly? Thee knows I mean no affront, and greatly admire thy cousin Greenleaf. Surely he is a great poet; but a great poet may some times write such silly stuff. And surely this time thy cousin hath done it.

Reflect and thee will agree with me." She reflected—on the necessity of care in selecting an audience for a joke.-Youth's Companion.

Hot Weather Drink. Philip Hale, one of Boston's latterday philosophers, recommends barley water as a more sensible drink for hot weather than "ice-cold" blends of waters, sirups, acids, guiped at the marblo fountains. Mr. Hale's recipe for his favorite tipple is as follows:

"For three pints of water you will require a teacupful and a half of well washed pearl barley, four lumps of sugar and the thin rind and juice of one lemon. Pour boiling water over it, cover with a saucer and let it stand till cold; then strain again and again till clear, and pour into a jug."

A buttermilk fan adds: "Then set the jug in a cool place and forget it."

Illiteracy in Germany. According to the latest official reports, only three persons out of 10,000 in Germany are unable to read or write, while the proportion of illiteracy in Great Britain is 150 per 10,000. as against 770 per 10,000 in the United States. These figures are based on a comparison of illiteracy among some of the leading nations which has just been made and issued for free distribution by the United States Bureau

Wanted Minute Evidence. Orfia, the celebrated doctor, being examined as an "expert" on a capital trial, was asked by the president whether he could tell what quantity, of arsenic was required to kill a fly.

The doctor replied "Certainly, M. le President. But I must know beforehand the age of the fly, its sex, its temperament, its condition and habit of body, whether married or single, widow or spinster, widower or bachelor. When satisfied on these points I can answer your question.

His Rank. Mistress-Well, I'm sorry you want to leave me, Mary; but what's your reason?

Mary keeps sllent. Mistress-Something private? Mary (suddenly)-No, mum; please, mum, he's a lance corporal.-Illustrated Bits.

Out of Reach. Townley-How's the new cook get

ting on? Subbubs?-I don't know. She didn't leave her address.-Boston Transcript. Business Practice.

"The new actor in this company

certainly knows how to act on peo-

"Yes; he used to be a dentist."

ple's feelings with fine touches.

A Triumph Of Cookery-

Post Toasties

Many delicious dishes have been made from Indian Corn by the skill and ingenuity of the expert cook.

But none of these creations excels Post Toasties in tempting the palate.

"Toasties" are a luxury that make a delightful hot-weather economy.

The first package tells its own story.

'The Memory Lingers' Sold by Grooms.

Porter Covel Company Limited Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.